

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES
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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR
THURSDAY, NOV. 25, 1943

I guess there is no better way to start this editorial on things in general and farming in particular than to say that neighbor Milbourne Sharp on the Jerico Road, grew 1045 measured bushels of ears of corn on five measured acres of land. All this, besides the stalks the old cows ate and trampled down when they broke into the field and the amount shaded out by the several apple trees standing in the field.

Of course, the answer in part is good ground properly farmed in one good season for corn. The other part of the answer is that Mr. Sharp used for seed the John Johnson strain of dent corn, which he and other descendants of the late John Johnson and others have grown for 135 seasons and brought to such a high state of perfection for yield, quality and maturity through cross breeding and years of careful seed selection.

What burns me up is that the hide bound technicians up at the State Experimental Station have not given this strain of corn the recognition it deserves as the one particularly suited by reason of early maturity, heavy yield and high food value for the higher levels of these Alleghenies' high lands. Their objection to the John Johnson corn is that it was not fine enough haired as yet to be considered pure blood; they say it too often throws a red ear. Why doggone, an occasional red ear is sign of good corn. A red ear is traditional as adding zest to any husking bee.

I know how hog wild the country has gone over hybrid corn. It is still in the experimental stage. There is much to recommend, and there is still much to learn. No one can give hybrid corn higher, more intelligent recommendation than I do, when I say that if I could not get the seed of the John Johnson open pollinated corn, I would be tempted to plant some one of the hybrids which have proved out to be satisfactory on our soils, and at our altitude.

I have not time nor space nor as yet the preparation to write a needful article directed to the corn doctors on the necessity of beginning to look a little cut in

order to take steps to preserve the better strains of open pollinated corn. It is from such the hybrids are bred. If we ever get out of patent stock, we will be out indeed. The outcome from hybrids is any thing but uniform to say the least.

Anyway, a thousand and forty-five measured bushels from a measured field of five acres is not to be sneezed at by any corn belt farmer, nor overlooked by any cross-eyed corn doctor, plant pathologist—even if there was as much as a bushel of red ears in the whole turnout.

John Johnson was an Indian fighter and Revolutionary soldier. As a mere boy he was at the defeat of General Braddock in 1755. He carried home from this battle a foot adze which is now in the possession of his descendant, Theodore Moore, of Marlinton. It was said of John Johnson that he was a large raw boned man, who had double teeth all round. He ate his trout whole, never bothering to bone them. In 1710 he was living on his plantation, Jerico, of more than a thousand acres. The word had come that corn had matured on Muddely Creek, in what is now Nicholas county in the season of 1809, and that such could be bought for seed. Early in the spring John Johnson went across Black Mountain to bring back some of this seed corn. On his return the clouds came down and he was lost for four days. He got so hungry he tried to eat a snake, but it was no go. He toughed it through without eating his precious seed corn. Ever since, this good corn has been grown in the farms of the Jerico Road, mostly by the descendants of John Johnson.

In 1905, the late Andrew Moore began to cross the Johnson corn with a pure bred champion strain of Dant corn. He got a few ears ripe enough for seed. In a few years he had a superior strain, just as early and dependable as the Johnson Corn, but heavier yielding. I have known Mr. Moore to grow as much as 400 bushels of ears on two acres.

Milburn Sharp, another descendant of John Johnson, early took an interest in the corn grown on his father's farm, a part of the Johnson lands, also in what his neighbor, Andrew Moore, had done in improving the strain. He carried on the work, and it has been highly successful. It has developed into an expert seed corn picker. Milburn found that two distinct types of ears showed up. Some were on the flint order

while others showed the true dent characteristics. Through the years, by careful seed selection, a uniform ear tending toward the typical, softer dent corn has become pretty well fixed.

I do not contend that this particular strain of corn should supplant tried and true varieties down in real corn country. I do contend that our own people should quit wasting time and effort to no good purpose by sending out for new strains of corn good elsewhere and no good here, when local seed is available from high yielding, early ripening corn, with almost 140 years of successful growing behind it.

For many years, until suspended for the war's duration, we had a yearly farm event in the Grain and Potato Show. This did wonders in the way of crop improvement in our Pocahontas. Year in and year out John Johnson corn won blue ribbons at this show.

Do they raise John Johnson on my little farm? Sure, up on my Jerico this year there is a dozen acres. While the yield per acre is not up to Milburn's record, on paper and in the field it looked like an Iowa corn crop.

Incidentally, being as I am signing off, let me say it would be good for Pocahontas and other high ground farmers to place early with Milburn Sharp an order for some real seed corn. The charge is reasonable.

There is much I should write on our basic industry, agriculture. I have in mind a chapter on sheep, and the progress which is being made with the Master Shepherd's Contest. The big idea is to get in line 250 of our best sheep men; for to have them keep records of production cost, to arrive at annual profits per head of the ewes kept.

For a generation or more, Pocahontas sheep were on the lean grade. I know about parasite infestation, over-pasturing grass on sheet-eroded land, breeding from scrub bucks. These are all mighty bad, but much has been done to enlighten ignorance along these lines. Ever since the lamb has replaced the yearling wether as our market mutton sheep, the farmer has had the temptation to face—to sell his prime ewe lambs

at high prices, to save the top priced ewe for breeding stock. This has produced like, with the result of all too many flocks producing all too many cull lambs.

A chapter might well be written on the fact that an acre of good ground is a public asset, while an acre of poor ground is a public liability, no matter who owns it. This, of course, would lead to common sense on the lining and fertilizing of pasture lands, which is bringing back our blue grass.

Then, too, I hear intimation, rumors and even report there is possibility and even probability that of all the fifty-five counties of West Virginia, good old West Virginia, good old Pocahontas will be crowned queen of them all, for "exceptional production," seasonal food processors and outstanding production marks by her people. The award is by the War Food Administration. We all did her, boys, by hearty, loving cooperation. Really, it is worth mentioning the intelligent interest manifested by local newspapers, banks, business and professional people generally. And in so saying, it is not taking any of the glory from those who actually did the work.

I do not know what we are going to do with the decadent counties of Greenbrier, Monroe and Randolph, if and when we carry off this big E for top excellence in food production, and they have not attained. I can tell Editors Ed and Will Blake, of the West Virginia News, if they had devoted more editorial space to the gentle art of farming and the heavenly grace of peace among neighbors, and less space to political controversies, such as scandalizing poor Wendell Willkie, why old Greenbrier would raise more taters and less hate to the acre.

FARM WANTED
We are having calls for one or more good grazing farms in southern West Virginia, ranging from three hundred to six hundred acres or probably more in extent. Farm is well watered and has suitable farm buildings.
The Moore Insurance & Realty Co.
Charles Town, Jefferson Co., W.Va., Box 10

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18 head of
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2 teams of
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2 good sets of
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Sale of Lands Delinquent for Taxes



Dear Army and Navy Boys	What's more, you'll have a picnic across the woman's foam.	KEEP THIS IN MIND	National War
<p>November 6, 1944.</p> <p>Dear Mr. Price: Just a line to inform you of a slight change in my address so I will be sure to get my Times OK. I sure enjoy the paper. It is a treat to my Pocahontas County boys. Only wish to connect with the big hunting tale!</p> <p>I see where there have been very few turkeys killed. If you hunters do not get busy we can rest assured that there will be a little game left when the boys come marching back. What has happened to the Tacey boys? I have not heard of any bear tales from them.</p> <p>I know the Pocahontas County hunters will have a big time killing deer in the Watoga State Park, especially with bow and arrow. I worked 18 months there in the COG and I know there are plenty of deer there.</p> <p>We could track them down good here today for it has snowed all day and can the wind ever howl across these Ozark mountains! The Ozarks are beautiful but give me the good old West Virginia mountains.</p> <p>If I get in until the 28th of this month in the Army I will be in three long years. If you remember I was the first to leave Pocahontas County under the Selective Service Act. I guess I will close by saying keep the papers rolling and we will keep the Japs and Germans "Running." Let's read the many interesting letters of the boys scattered all over the globe. So please keep them coming. My address is: Staff Sgt. Carl Kismore, Service Battery, 750 F. A. Bn., A.F.O. No. 421, Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri.</p>	<p>Don't or even better than. What's more, you'll have a picnic across the woman's foam. But they made damn sure they didn't get they preferred to stay at home. You know those guys were not bad shots when they trailed a rabbit track— But hell, there ain't no danger, see, for rabbits don't shoot back. They shine among the "stay-at-homes" and brag of the United States. But dance halls, bars and pool rooms are where they meet their fate. A cue stick is their rifle, and their beer is rich with foam. They have no bullets to dodge, my pals who stayed at home. So I'll mount my post with my rifle, and buckle my belt about, I'm only a common dogface, but I'll see this damned thing out. And if a bullet's got my number, But I want to dedicate this especially to my pals who stayed at home.</p>	<p>Oh, somehow there is some one, Your mother, sweetheart or wife, Who is waiting for your letter To brighten a dull life. They do not ask for a long one, A little note will do, To make them very happy, Because it came from you. So write these letters promptly And send them off today; You like to get mail, don't you! Well turn about is fair play.</p>	<p>Mrs. James R. Bush Chappell #1, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cutler #1, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Beard #2, Mrs. Leonard McCarty #1, Mrs. Sarah McCarty #1, Clark Owen #1, George Harper #1, Mrs. W. H. Hatcher #1, Mrs. Guy DeLong #1, Silas Workman #1, Kitty Workman #1, Mrs. R. S. Workman #1, W. W. Clutter #1, Mrs. Mary Harper #2, Richard McCarty #1, Billy McCarty #1, Mrs. Albert Moore #1, E. S. S. #1, Glenn Ryan #1, Mrs. Susan Rider #1, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Gibson #1, Mrs. Abbie Mathews #1, Cash #1, K. J. Kramer #5, L. V. Minnick #1, Anna Bell Simmons #1, Dixie Lodge No. 13, I.O.O.F. (Dimitry) #10, Mrs. Lincoln Cochran #1, Mrs. Roy Dever #1, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gladwell #2, Ballard D. Barlow #2, T. D. Moore #1, George F. Alderman #1, D. W. Deaver #1, H. F. Haslam #1, Mrs. C. G. Mack #2, L. H. Washburn #2, Carl Morrison #1, George Beard #10, Mrs. M. C. Smith #1, Jewell Scott #2, Verle Pyles #1, W. A. Arbogast #2, Hollandsworth Graded School #4, Virginia Public Service Co. #6, Mrs. Elmer Triplett #1, Pocahontas Lodge No. 121 (Hillboro) #15, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilkoff #1, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Kincaid #2, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Miller #2, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Curry #2, Mrs. B. R. Bleau #1, Miss Madge Arbogast #2, Miss Eula Dilley #1, Miss Glenn Clarkson #1, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Malcomb #1, Mrs. Birdie A. Dilley #3.</p>
<p>November 7, 1944.</p> <p>Dear Mr. Price, Pam writing to you to ask you to put this poem in your paper and want you to let me know how much your paper costs for one year. There are seven boys on this ship with me from Pocahontas County and we would all like to get the news from back home. Thanking you for printing the poem, I am Yours truly, Ollen Mayes, S 2 c. Remember the day at Pearl Harbor, When bombs hurled down from the skies Causing death and destruction, And forced many heroes to die. They dropped on our land without warning, It was part of the enemy's plan To show us how common and filthy, Are things that are made in Japan. For years we have treated them Kindly, We traded with them as a friend; But now since that day at Pearl Harbor They've started a fight to the end. We're all in it now to the finish, So let's all be stard y and brave; And the flag that will fly when it's over Will be ours and long may it wave. Our heroes will meet them in battle, On land, in the air, on the sea; Let's keep them supplied with full armor Is the job that's for you and me. It's all for the sake of our buddies And after the Victory is won: We'll all stand together in Freedom; And see what our efforts have done. It's worth quite a bit to be working, With friends that are faithful and true; And try hard to Just Keep 'Em Flying. Those Planes that are Red, White and Blue. (Unsigned poem from the Aberdeen Flaming Bomb.)</p>	<p>November 7, 1944. Hello Everybody: At last I am on my way back east, after being here almost five months, but it seems like a year. I got on the train this afternoon at 1 o'clock and as the train moved slowly off you could hear the beat of the drums and the bugles of the band played, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all here." The sound of the drums died softly away as the train increased its speed as it headed further east. The weather here is a awful hot and dry and it is some cloudy in the west, the wind is blowing and the sand is terrific. The desert here has more vegetation than as to the camp, which we left. There are not any mountains in sight. The sand is blowing so bad we cannot see for any great distance. To look at it from a distance it looks like fog. We are now close to Phoenix, Arizona. There is some farm land here and some cattle. This is a real nice place to be in the west, compared to some places. Personally, I think the good old days in the west have passed, especially in this part. We are now Phoenix. From what I could see, the majority of the people are Negroes and Mexicans. The sand storm has cleared and you can see plenty mountains; it also seems some cooler. There is plenty of vegetation here from the look of things. As the train moves on eastward you can see more farm land and herds of cattle. It looks like we are off the desert but there is more to cross. August 16-- We have come through Arizona and we are now going through New Mexico. The country here is somewhat like Arizona, but the mountains here are lower and have some vegetation and it is somewhat cooler here. There is nothing here very interesting to write about. We are now in El Paso, Texas. This is a real nice place. "Deep in the Heart of Texas." I am sure you have all heard the song. Movie star "Miss America" known as Rosemary Japant came from Texas. You know it is a beautiful state. We are now leaving El Paso, and are passing Camp Bliss. It is a real nice place what I can see of it. It seems like it is snow time. Well here it is. It is a racket as they call it in the Army. You sit in your seat and they bring you your chow. All you do is to eat, sleep and write. As the train moves farther east</p>	<p>we cross more of the desert. There are some mountains on both sides of the tracks. There are a few small farms through here but they are quite a few miles apart. I call them farms but they are all old ranches that have been there for many years. We are now back in New Mexico. We just came through part of Texas. We just stopped a few minutes at a little Mexican town. Some of the soldiers gave some little Mexican boys pennies and nickels to sing. They think they are rich to get an American nickel. It is about three times the value of their nickels. August 16-- We are going through Oklahoma. There is some nice farming country here and I see lots of cotton and corn. There are no mountains in sight. This state is really nice; it's level as far as you can see. We just came through El Reno, Oklahoma. There are some oil fields here. It is awful hot. A hose broke on the train and while it was being repaired people came along and gave us books and papers to read. The country now is rolling land with some stretches of wooded area. August 17-- We just came through Little Rock, Arkansas, crossed the Arkansas River. We came through some mountains. The country here is rough; some farm land; most of it is grazing land. There is some breeze now and it is very nice and cool. We are now in Tennessee. We crossed the Mississippi River at Memphis. The country here is rough and there are a lot of small towns. Memphis is a nice town. Most of the people I saw were Negroes. Of course every city has two sections: one the colored, one the white. It always happens we go through the negro section. We crossed the Tennessee River, through to Tullahoma and arrived at Camp Forrest at 5:00 A. M., Wednesday morning, and that was the end of our journey.</p>	<p>Mrs. Van I M. R. brack Ashish Dunbr Hetzel #1, M bert M Dilley gazet berey Paul J dell J #1, M Miller Goulog #25, 3 Street #25-3 Mrs. J #1, M Willis Glendi Krame bey N #1, G east 8 cor #1 line #1 Bevers B. B. #1, B. Mrs. J Sholto Helmie Maule H. E. Bennie #5, M tenax Carper ter Ra Bruce by 25 fong 5 ven 5 Michael Beard Frank #6, J #5, J. ner #1 Fuller Mrs. Lodge #21, C Mrs. A ford 8 #3, M Isstia bert 8 Iva N son 25 Mrs. J Slavin Dr. F. bust George Sprout 10c. J L. Ker Bell C #1, E #10, M Taylor Mattie E. Bl Natio Sea the F West ing D mercl design embri waste Clove Count patm phur. Natio #12 M #5 M tt. of hasw #2 M of bla red. n ash: 7 M bd. #1 or less</p>
<p>The following poem was sent in by Delbert Cogar, who is serving in the Pacific area:</p> <p>"THE HOME GUARD" By P.F.C. James A. Johnson. (The author was killed in action shortly after this poem was written on the beach at Gona, New Guinea.) I'm pulling all my punches, I've hung my week away, I think it's been two months at least, since I last drew my pay I'm tired of being a dogface, so me God, I am— Of eating molded biscuits, with margarine or spam— Of fighting dirty, stinking Japs in the bushes on my own, Whose I think of dear old America and my pals who stayed at home. I can see them walking down the streets, (their chests puffed out with pride) And hear them telling to the girls, as they wave their precious hides! While I'm here in New Guinea, not even safe to show my head For fear some skulking Jap might fill it full of lead. Back when I told the folks at home that I'd volunteer to fight. They said "God Bless You, son and return you home alright." They called me a chocolate soldier, a twenty-one-dollar tourist, too, They said "You'll never see the</p>	<p>Dear Mr. Price, Pam writing to you to ask you to put this poem in your paper and want you to let me know how much your paper costs for one year. There are seven boys on this ship with me from Pocahontas County and we would all like to get the news from back home. Thanking you for printing the poem, I am Yours truly, Ollen Mayes, S 2 c. Remember the day at Pearl Harbor, When bombs hurled down from the skies Causing death and destruction, And forced many heroes to die. They dropped on our land without warning, It was part of the enemy's plan To show us how common and filthy, Are things that are made in Japan. For years we have treated them Kindly, We traded with them as a friend; But now since that day at Pearl Harbor They've started a fight to the end. We're all in it now to the finish, So let's all be stard y and brave; And the flag that will fly when it's over Will be ours and long may it wave. Our heroes will meet them in battle, On land, in the air, on the sea; Let's keep them supplied with full armor Is the job that's for you and me. It's all for the sake of our buddies And after the Victory is won: We'll all stand together in Freedom; And see what our efforts have done. It's worth quite a bit to be working, With friends that are faithful and true; And try hard to Just Keep 'Em Flying. Those Planes that are Red, White and Blue. (Unsigned poem from the Aberdeen Flaming Bomb.)</p>	<p>Private Dennis K. Small, sta</p>	<p>of less</p>

Old Time Butchering
 By O. H. Arkison

In the litany of things that a man who has left the farm always remembers with pleasure, none stands out with more clarity than butchering time. It's a day set apart, when every energy of the compact home unit was bent toward the business of killing and storing meat for the winter larder.

Few farm born boys live who don't like to recall the first time they tagged along at dad's heels to pick out two or three of the fattest porkers for the sacrifice. It's a crisp, brittle day, and the thin layers of snow crunch underfoot.

Water has been heated over an out door open fire, and poured into a leaning barrel, at the end of a wooden platform. Dad sticks one finger gingerly into the steaming water to test the temperature for it dares not be too hot. Butcher knives, especially the sticking knife, has been whetted to razor keenness. Dad slings the loaded rifle into the crook of his arm, barrel pointed downward, and starts to the hog lot. A neighbor follows along, carrying the sticking knife.

Boys are peculiarly cold blooded about some things, I think. I recall vividly standing by with cold impersonalness as the head was drawn. A bullet in the hog's brain toppled its over. The gun was passed to the man next to the shooter in exchange for the sticking knife.

The hog was then dragged to the scalding platform, and the heels were split, exposing the tendons, and through the tendons was hooked a wood bar that always looked like an under sized single tree. Two men grasped this bar and the hog was slid off the platform into the scalding barrel. A few up-and-down movements and out he flopped on the platform and there four pairs of hands delved expertly into the smoking bristles, ripping them away. By standing boys always managed to snatch a few handfuls here and there giving themselves some scorched fingers which meant nothing, and an immense feeling of importance which meant a lot in a few minutes. Mr. Porker lay baked and white on the sacrificial altar, and the second phase of the process was ready to start.

This phase entailed beheading, which was done with an expert swish of the knife, after the hog had been hung up, feet downward, a grotesque hairless carcass. From this point the process becomes more involved. The porker is disemboweled. The cutting up completed, the fat is trimmed off ready for rendering, and the intestines cleaned in anticipation of sausage stuffing.

While the job moved through its routine stages, the kids wandered off with one of the prizes of butchering—the pork bladder. This was the prize class because dad showed how to insert an old pipe stem into the bladder neck and inflate it, tying it shut with a string, and part of the hog's anatomy became a fairly good substitute for a football for several days.

Now the boys are back into the butchering picture, as fat is dumped into the rendering Kettle to be cooked. One of the rituals at this point was to carve a chunk of pure lean off the "backstrap" otherwise known as the tender loin. Tied to the end of a string, this was dropped into the kettle of boiling fat until it was well done. It was then hauled out and salted while steaming hot, making mouths-water. None with experience in the two field would trade a piece of backstrap for all the porter house steaks in a half ton steer.

But its afternoon, the fat having been poured into the hand press and the last drop of lard squeezed out and set aside to cool. There is another delicacy as a by-product, cracklings, recommended only for boys with strong stomachs.

But now the sharp brilliance of the sun is throwing long shadows along the brittle snow, and outside the men have begun to mop up after the kill. Inside, the women are setting up the sausage criinder and pans full of chopped meat are waiting. The cleaned out is stretched on the snout of the sausage stuffer and a husky arm grasps the crank. Yard after yard of toothsome pink and white sausage rolls off the snout of the press.

For days after cleaning up the messy job, the women folks make sausage and head cheese, and a soul lifting concoction of ground meat and corn meal, cooked and molded to be sliced down for frying. Butchering was a high spot in the cycle of farm life, but it is another of those picturesque, festive days becoming more and more infrequent as the world advances in its mechanized stages. Modern rapid fire methods of killing, cutting and rendering are slowly supplanting the long, difficult business of hand butchering. More and more farm families sell their hogs on foot and buy their pork, thus bridging over the work and mess that attended the home process.

Maybe it is better that way, but I am glad to know that I lived in a day when you had things like hog butchering to forward to. No one can take away the memories.

Mr. Claire, W. Va.

Must File Reports On Foreign Holdings

Citizens of Marlinton who own any property in foreign countries were notified by Postmaster Kerth, Nottingham today that they must file reports on their foreign holdings with the Treasury Department before December 1. The notice was given by means of a poster placed on display in the post office.

Postmaster Nottingham points out that it is necessary for the government to have as complete information as possible on the American stake abroad to assist the military authorities and the civilian governments on the fighting fronts and to bring about sound solutions of the post-war problems.

Report forms, known as TFR-500, may be obtained through commercial banks, or from the nearest Federal Reserve Bank. Penalties are provided for those who wilfully fail to file reports.

Limits on Sale of Farm-Killed Pork Lifted 90 Days

To help in handling the slaughter and distribution of this year's record hog crop, the War Food Administration on November 7 suspended for a period of 90 days restrictions on the number of pounds of pork and lard made from home slaughtered hogs that can be sold or given by a farmer to people not living on his farm, it was announced.

For a limited time the number of points required for the purchase of pork will be reduced, the amount depending on the cut or whether a whole carcass is sold. This will enable consumers who wish to obtain a whole or part carcass to have sufficient points for it, as farmers may accept points in advance of the time they are paid for purchases in retail stores, but are still held responsible for collecting and turning them in to the local OPA office.

Farmers Must File Estimate Of 1943 Income by Dec. 15

Many farmers who have never filed an income tax report before will need

Sale of Lands Delinquent

Notice is hereby given that the following delinquent interests therein in the County of Boone for the nonpayment of taxes for the year 1943 are for sale by the undersigned sheriff (or collect front door of the courthouse of the county, between 10 and 11 o'clock in the afternoon on the 13th day of December, 1943, or such other date as may be designated by the undersigned sheriff for each undivided interest therein, or so much thereof as sold for the amount due thereon, as set forth in the following list:

Name of Person Charged With Taxes	Quantity	Local of Land Descript
EDRAY DISTRICT		
Arbogast, E. M. Est.	22a.	Stony C
Barlow, Joseph Est.	57a.	Red Lid
Bennett, Stella	20po.	Old Field
Davis, Winfield	2a.	Brush I
Ervine, Mary Blanche	10a.	E. Clove
Same	2a.	E. Clove
Hannah, Hubert M.	119a.	Old Field
Hill, Mattie E.	10a.	Brush I
Irvine, Ella M.	80po.	Brush I
Knight, Israel Est.	9a.	Brush L
Lacy, Ben Est.	4a.	Brush L
McDowell, Fenton	5a.	Indian I
McDowell, Harry Est.	101a.	Indian I
Ray, Samuel Est.	31a.	Clover I
Townsend, Nancy (Mrs. J. S.)	600 sq. ft.	Drennen
Varnor, Harry C.	182a.	Old Field
Wagoner, Mrs. Alice	8a.	Buckeye
MARLINTON SUBDIV		
Alexander, John		Lot 3, E
Alexander, Millicent		Lot 4, E
Hill, Mattie Est.		Lot 1, V
Merchants & Mechanics Bank		B. 15, L
GREENBANK DISTRICT		
Arbogast, E. M.	19a.	Adj. Ma
Same	72a.	Buffalo
Anastacio, Theresa		Lot 28,
Gillian, Mattie E.		Et. 2, E
Gum, Frank & Elizabeth	80po.	Dunmor
Hinkle, L. H.	60a.	Deercr
Kerr, Porter G. Est.	15a.	Near A
East, Gayle	20a.	L. No. 1
Same		Et. 2, A
Mullenax, Belva	27a.	Buffalo
Same	19a.	Buffalo
Same	9a.	Buffalo
Price, William	93a.	Mt. Lie
Smith, George	30a.	Leathen
Starks, Geo. W.	25a.	Houch
Varnor, Mrs. Hattie V.	35a.	B. Alle
Varnor, John and Hattie	25a.	B. Alle
Widney, H. M.	1a.	Greenb
CASS SUBDIVISION		
Reda, John		4,800 E
MUNTERSVILLE DISTRICT		
Arbogast, E. M. Est.	16a.	Thorny
Curry, Clarence C.	12a.	Prod